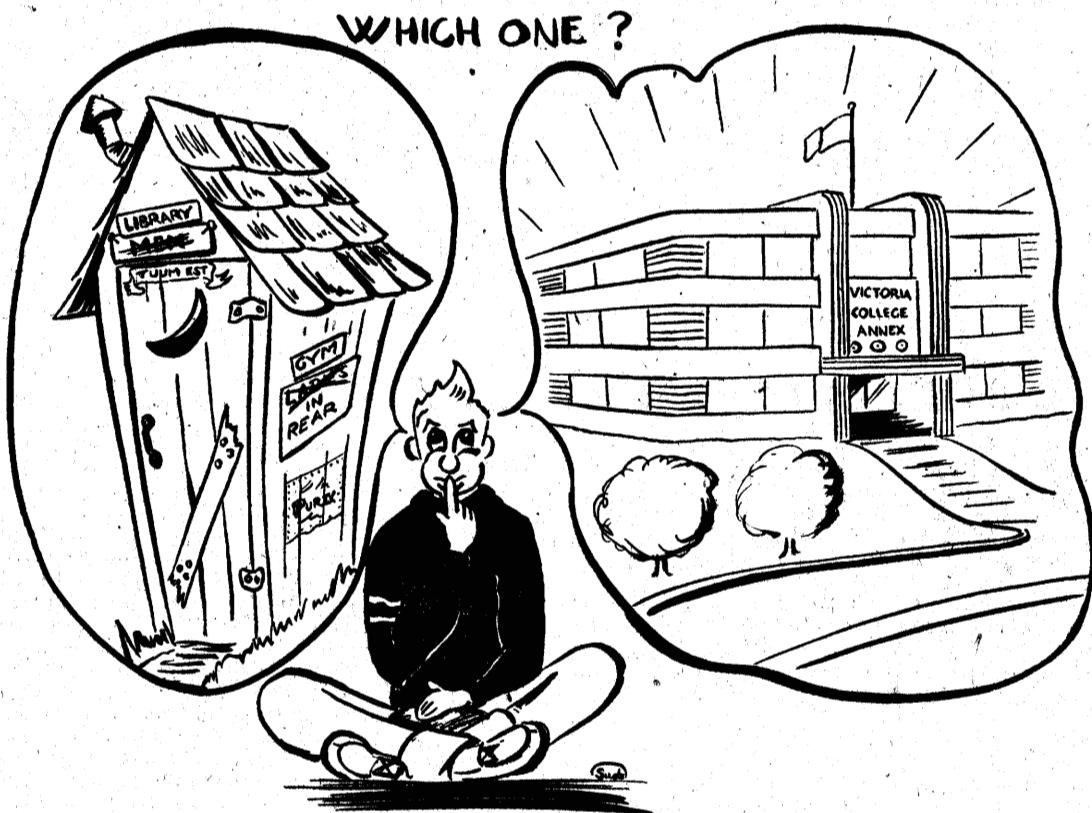


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Victoria College, Victoria, B.C., March 31, 1950.



Fighting Vikings Down J.B.A.A. Team Win City Championship, Bernard Cup

The Vikings gained possession of the 29-year-old Bernard Cup in their 19-0 victory over J.B.A.A. last March 18. The cup is emblematic of City Senior A Championship.

The accomplishment awarded our lads the right to compete with the Vancouver champs in a clash for B.C. supremacy.

MacDonald Park looked like a spring-ploughed potato patch after thirty steeds and twice as many hoofs had finished mincing the turf into a mire of oozing mud.

The sloppy track and wet weather failed to foil the fifteen Vikings from Victoria College as they emerged on the high side of 19-0 shut-out at the expense of a game but outclassed J.B.A.A. gang.

The echo of the initial whistle had scarcely died away before Vikings started their scoring spree by running the kick-off back to the mid-field stripe where Bob Hutchison took over, and embarked on a solo. He left a wake of clutching opposition strewn over a 50-yard course that ended at the posts. John Olson added the extra points.

The Bays managed to prevent a repeat performance until ten minutes later when, following a 5-yard scrum, Peter Powell fell on a loose ball on scoring ground making the score 8-0.

O'Halloran Scores

A few minutes before the breather another cloud burst and the blue and golds rained down on the retreating Bays. With a bone in its teeth and the ball at its feet, the towering forward machine worked the ball to within a few feet of the Bay's goal line, where Des O'Halloran scooped up the pill and squeezed through a crack in the opposing wall for a trio. Olson cleaved the uprights from a difficult angle, leaving the score 13-0 at intermission.

Determined to even the score in the remaining 45 minutes, J.B.A.A. came out swinging, and spectators saw some really tough rugby as the contest was reduced to a medium-sized brawl. A series of Bay threats, culminated when opposing half, Dave Cook, intercepted a College pass, and

made a bee-line for the try-line. College fullback, Art Bridge, closed fast and caught the break-away inches from the end-zone.

Vikings recovered, and minutes later Bob Shipley, tucking a pass from brother John, terminated a smooth-passing forward movement by going the remaining 25 yards to score standing up.

The dwindling seconds of the game saw another wave of Vikings wash over the Bay's defence. This time, John Campbell saw the light and burned a sizzling trail for 30 yards, planting the leather atwixt the perpendiculars. The final whistle saw the score 19-0, and the Vikings in possession of the Bernard Cup.

Activity Pins and Athletic Awards Presented at Awards Banquet

The Awards Banquet and Dance was successfully staged at the Crystal Garden on the evening of March 20.

The roast turkey dinner was followed by a toast to the King, speeches and presentation of awards by faculty members.

Retiring President Neil Neufeld opened the after-dinner speeches with introductory comments. Mr. J. B. Clearihue delivered his greetings from the College Council. His address was followed by presentation of awards by the faculty. Mr. R. T. Wallace presented the men's athletic awards; Mrs. O. P. Noble the women's athletic awards; Mr. E. G. Jones the Activity Pins; and Dr. Ewing the Council awards.

The banquet was concluded with a speech from President-Elect Ken MacKay.

After the banquet, dancing was held in the upper ballroom of the Crystal. Len Acres and his orchestra supplied music until one.

Arrangements were carried out by woman members of the Council. Names of award winners are posted in the main hall.

THIS IS THE END!

This is the last issue of the Year.

Following publication of this issue, bleary-eyed, caffeine-addicted editors will leave sin and debauchery of Rookery, and scurry to Library. The Library is a large room containing books, and is rumored to be in the basement of the main building. Here, editors will conscientiously furrow brows, open musty volumes, and brush cobwebs off semi-legible wanderings known as notes. It is hoped that there will be no unfortunate incidents, as there was in the year 1943 when the News Editor was driven crazy by the silence.

As there will be no more news coverage, don't miss:

Sophomore Dance—held after exams.

Martlet Dance—held before exams.

Exams—held between Martlet Dance and Sophomore Dance.

Minister of Education Promises New Units

Announcement that a new College building would be built came as welcome news to students who have had to endure cramped quarters.

Hon. W. T. Straith, Minister of Education, announced that the new unit would contain administration offices, a library and reading room. The Normal School building will be used entirely for class-room use.

The new building will probably be erected on recently-purchased property east of the building.

Mr. Straith also mentioned the possibility of constructing a gymnasium, which would be used by both the College and the Normal School. The construction of this gymnasium would leave room for seven new class-rooms in the present gymnasium.

The Inquiring Reporter

By Dick Baker

One of the major issues facing the students during the past few weeks is the drinking situation at College dances. I asked a number of students for sensible and mature answers to the question: "What do you think of drinking at College dances?" Here are a few of the answers I received.

Peter Paterson: "Drinking should not be necessary for a good time, since it is against the law."

Tom Rhodes: "It's against the law, but it's the custom. Dr. Ewing was quite right in bringing it to the attention of the students; but he may have been too firm."

Anne Henderson: "I think drinking in moderation at College dances should be allowed. But it seems that students aren't intelli-

gent enough to do so."

Donna Carmichael: "The fault lies not with the Faculty of Victoria College, but with the Liquor Act."

Jim Harvey: "If a person goes to college he should have enough personality to get along with people without resorting to alcohol."

Natalie Bergstraesser: "The Liquor Law is stupid, but it has to be obeyed."

Dick Vogel: "I don't think the situation warrants the fuss made over it."

I also asked several members of the faculty for answers to the same question. Here are two points of view.

Mrs. Noble: "A College dance is just not the time or place."

M. Treil: "Do you want me thrown out of College?"

College Open House Attracts Many

The College held Open House on the afternoon of Friday, March 17 and on the morning of Saturday, March 18.

For the first time this year, grade 12 high school students were allowed to see classes and labs in action. Altogether 170 high schoolers checked in at the Registrar's Office, in spite of rainy weather.

Mr. Elliott organized shifts of guides, wearing identifying ribbons, to show the visitors around.

On Friday, Mr. Savannah's

chemistry quiz had so many outsiders present that he decided to hold the lab right away instead of confusing them with the quiz. Several girls were quite disappointed in not being able to find the Greek A class. Another popular attraction was the zoology lab, where the second year students were dissecting cats.

Although some professors were shy about being watched by the visitors, the idea of throwing open the classrooms is an excellent one and should be continued in future years.



(Photo Courtesy The Times)

Shown above are rugby players admiring coveted Bernard Cup at Annual Awards Banquet and Dance. From left to right are Geoff d'Easum, Art Bridge, Gerry Main and Dick Baker.

The MARTLET

Editor-in-Chief _____ John Napier-Hemy
News Editor _____ Dick Baker
Business Managers _____ Doreen Collie and Tania Hurmuses
Clubs _____ Ray Wehner
Sports Editor _____ Denny Boyd
Photography _____ Conila Wood and Russel Robertson
Cartoons _____ David Sutherland
Reporters _____ Carol Potter, Pat Thomas, Pat Carstens,
David Moilliet, Donn Carmichael, Tom Ballard, Bob
Hutchison, John Foote, John Goult, Peter Smith, Bruce
Young, Peter Paterson.
Advertising _____ John Moffat, Dudley Coddington

THE ACME PRESS LTD.

Hurray for Us

As this is our last issue, we feel entitled to indulge in a little reflection on the Martlet's journalistic achievements this year.

Inspired by our own creative and organizing efforts, and kept in line by our readers, we have produced a paper which, we hope, has been both entertaining and useful to the students.

Our most obvious accomplishment was the number of papers this year, a total of seven, two of these being six-pagers. Measured against last year's output, this is equivalent to an increase of two whole papers. This remarkable gain was accomplished by a sounder business policy, which more than compensated for the increase in printing costs.

In the make-up department, the actual layout, or arrangement of the material has compared favorably with any newspaper on this continent. There have been relatively few typographical errors, although we have made the occasional blunder in headlines and in our photographs.

A number of interesting columns have been introduced or adapted from previous years. The cartoons and profiles by "Suds," the Inquiring Reporter, the personality shorts, the political columns and editorials, Varsity News, "dirty dick" and Uncle John's Corner have all been characterized by a high quality of journalism.

The news has been covered adequately, accurately and impartially.

The Letters to the Editor have been constructive and intelligent, a reflection on the new policy of printing no unsigned letters and the more serious attitude of the students towards the paper.

The last issue was put out by the Freshmen, thus giving them an opportunity of learning journalistic techniques, and preparing them for editorial work on next year's Martlet.

Another new idea has been introduced into this issue. We have printed what is known as a goon sheet; that is what purports to be a facsimile of a "sensational" news sheet. The articles are sensational, lurid and always fictional. This sheet has no serious end, only sheer amusement of the reader. Some may be shocked, but this sheet is not intended to propagandize the ideals of Y.M.C.A.-ish youth, nor is it a dispassionate analysis of facts. It is, we repeat, an attempt to amuse the reader.

To next year's editors: May you produce an even better paper, and may you know the satisfaction and enjoyment that comes only from seeing your own work in print.

—J. N. H.

Ex-Students Make Good

For the first time, the Martlet is giving notes on ex-students who have made good in various fields of endeavour. This list is by no means complete, but it will serve to indicate the success attained by old Vic College students in various endeavours.

Vic Hay has been appointed editor-in-chief of the Daily Ubysey for the 1950-51 session. Vic, a veteran of World War II, was a member of the Students' Council in 1947-48. Those who know Vic will remember him for his friendly manner and his genius for humour.

During the past year, Vic has been Features Editor of the Ubysey. His weekly humor column "While the Sun Shines" has established his reputation as one of the best writers on the U.B.C. campus.

Pierre Berton is now an assistant editor of MacLeans.

Editor-in-chief of the 1935 Microscope, predecessor to the Martlet, Pierre has achieved a high degree of prominence in the field of journalism.

Mary Richardson, who was Women's Sports representative

at Victoria College in 1948, and now is in 3rd year Physical Education at McGill, has just been elected President of McGill Women's Students Athletic Association. This association controls all the athletic and recreational activities of McGill's 2,000 women.

Mary is a graduate of St. Margaret's School, Victoria. Last year she obtained her international referee's rating and became Canada's youngest basketball official.

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Let's Give Our Athletes a Break

By Bob Hutchison

One Saturday last February, a big blond miler pounded past Len Eyres of England and, through a downpour of rain, splashed his way to the tape, knocking 6/10 of a second off the existing British Empire Games' miles record. Big Bill Parnell had just run the greatest race of his career, probably the greatest race run by a Canadian since Percy Williams won both sprints at the 1928 Olympics. His feat was a 4:11 mile, which, done on cinders in favorable weather conditions, would have come to something like 4:08, better than anything presently being done on this continent.

This had been Canada's only track win in a week of competition at the Empire Sports Meet in New Zealand. Performances like Bill's were literally non-existent among Canadians. Can-

ada had reached only four track finals and paced in only three of these, although Jack Hutchins and Parnell finished second and third in the half.

It is true that two possible finalists, the McFarlane brothers, turned down the long trip to New Zealand because of pressure from their studies at Western University. True also that Ez Henniger, until he pulled a leg muscle in training, looked like another point-getter in the quarter. Even with these excuses, Canada was outrun at almost every distance. Her field men looked just as bad, and, except for Victoria's own Pete Salmon, her swimmers were washed under.

What is wrong with Canadian athletes? They eat and live as well as any other athletes in the Empire. Why is it that our men were so outclassed by England and the countries "down under"?

The chief reason is lack of preparation. We expect our athletes to go out every four years and become heroes. Then we forget about them until the next Games roll around. To run on equal terms with other countries of the world, they must have constant competition and support. Until this is obtained, Canada will continue to put up a mediocre show at every international gathering. Greater emphasis must be put on Collegiate competition.

More International Meets

Also, more international meets must be staged with U.S. universities. As it is now, virtually all our good track men are being lured to the United States by athletic scholarships and the promise of better competition and more recognition. Every finalist at New Zealand, except for the women competitors, is attending or has attended an American university, in return for tuition fees. It's time for Canada to realize that unless she pries loose with the buck and houses track and field athletes on her own campuses, she will never be on a par with other countries in international competition.

It seems a shame that top notch athletes should go down to the States to compete for what is actually a very small grant. Track and field is one sport in which Canadian universities should be able to reach a par with the Americans. B.C. alone has enough top ranking track men attending U.S. colleges to enter a team that could stand competition from any of the Pacific Coast Conference teams. If these men were given by Canadian universities the same help and competition they receive in the States, their national loyalty would keep them and their records at home. The initial output for a coach and grant-in-aids would be made up in a period of years, if the promotion were properly handled and people were stimulated into becoming rabid fans.

More Competition Needed

Of course, Conference rules would keep Canadian universities out of good American competition, but some arrangement could no doubt be worked out. If Canadian universities could provide good enough competition, they could probably arrange for some dual meets with colleges below the border. In time they might be allowed into top-ranking conferences.

However, even if we can't overhaul our Collegiate system, we can start encouraging our high school athletes. Today's high school stars will comprise our '52 Olympic and '54 Empire Games teams.

Canada must put in more tracks, obtain better coaches, and give more support to her athletes, if she wishes to get back her lost reputation as a leading country in international competition. It is to be hoped that she will.

POLITICALLY SPEAKING . . .

By Bruce Young

A little less noise from Mr. McGugan and his fellow dialecticians would be appreciated by the people who are fighting for democracy in the face of Russian opposition. The L.L.P., of which Mr. McGugan is a member, is an organization whose intention it is to disrupt our economy and pave the way for a communistic régime in North America.

The attacks made by Mr. McGugan on his native land, Canada and the United States, can only be considered in poor taste and merely serve as illustrations of his fanaticism and ignorance of the truth. The writer suspects that Mr. McGugan has been thoroughly indoctrinated by a party whose H.Q. is to be found at the Kremlin, U.S.S.R. Mr. McGugan is not a free man but a hireling and one of the many innocents who have been induced to voice the opinions of the Russian dictator.

Mr. McGugan sees fit to suggest methods whereby the problem of Canadian over-production in agriculture can be solved. Our present Liberal democratic government would appreciate any bona fide suggestions as to how this might be done. Mr. McGugan's advice is, however, strictly along the Party line and since this party has only the interests of communism and

Russia at heart his words can not be taken too seriously.

The writer of the article in question also mentions that American "Imperialists" are exploiting the peoples of India and other nations. Whether or not this is true, he neglects to point out that the Russians have over 20 million people enslaved in Siberia, where they are receiving "corrective treatment." Nor do we find people in our western democracies being starved to death deliberately as Stalin did on one occasion. (8 million peasants in Russia died because they were "interfering with the dialectical process.")

Some Weaknesses

While it is probable that our democratic system has some weaknesses through lack of experience, it is certain that Mr. Truman, or any other politician west of the Curtain, would not find it possible to act in a manner similar to that of Stalin. Apart from the fact that our politicians have the interests of their people at heart it would be impossible for this type of thing to happen under our system. The "four freedoms" accorded to EVERY citizen in a democratic country would soon end any such project. On the other hand, the Russian people are completely at the mercy of a despotic dictator.

This denial of rights in Russia is by no means confined to the borders of that nation. Thanks to the fanatical energy of minority groups in many Eastern European countries they too have been brought under the control of a man who has no respect for human life. In Canada the L.P.P. is striving to attain the same end.

Appeal to Students

Instead of appealing to the students of this college to support a communist sponsored youth organization, as Mr. McGugan has done, it would be more fitting the appeal to the students to fight to preserve the democratic rights that our forefathers have given their lives and energies to obtain for us. It is our duty as future citizens of the world to carry on the work and to rid the world of communism in order that it might become a better place in which to live.

Note—This is not a personal attack on Mr. McGugan. It is an attack on the doctrine in which he believes.

Martlet Salutes

Mr. Bishop for his superb direction of "School for Scandal."

Barbara Flaten for effectively organizing the various departments of the Player's Club into an efficient whole.

Ray Wehner for elevating the Music Appreciation Society to the point where it has become one of the most edifying campus clubs.

Ken Burkinshaw for tirelessly promoting the cause of Christianity among the students.

Mr. Howatson for his able coaching of the Second Division Rugby Team.

Mr. McOrmond for promoting the Radio Club, and assisting the Tower staff.

Gerry Main and the First Division Rugby Team for winning the City Inter A championship.

Mr. Wallace for his friendly and useful advice to students in distress.

Fred Anderson for his conscientiousness in managing Tower finances.

Marion Gibbs for undertaking the huge task of editing the Tower.

Jon Woods and Mr. Jones for reorganizing the Psychology Club.

Brian Wharf for keeping the Colonist informed of College activities.

Johnny Symonds for his work as the "Voice of Victoria College."

Denny Boyd for his part in making the Jazz Club and Martlet successful.

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'Seeing Eye' Exposes Rookery Vice-Net



Named as Principals in Vice-Net Exposé are left to right Jean "Cushions" McKee, a copy-boy, John "The Sinner" Goult, Doreen "The Shape" Collie, Julie "Gee Gee" Horsey, Dudley "Laughing Boy" Coddington, Tania "The Body" Hurmuses, and an assistant copy-boy.

The Bird

Why Buy Easter Eggs When You Can Give Your Friends The Bird?

Victoria College People's Paper, 1950

ANYTHING THAT FITS IS NEWS . . .

Fast-Thinking Martlet News Reporter Breaks Open Pubs Office Vice Ring "Mississippi Joe" Wilson to Face Trial

A fast-thinking Martlet reporter broke through a Pubs office barricade yesterday to expose the biggest gambling net-work in College history.

Crafty, sloe-eyed, "Mississippi Joe" Wilson named as principle in gambling concession.

Those caught in vice dragnet will face trial in Council Office tomorrow. They are:

"Lippy" O'Halloran. Snivelled pantless O'Halloran; "I won't play with those nasty boys again. They took everything I had."

"Rotgut" Thompson. Snarled Thompson: "... you! And you!"

Denis Levy. Slobbered Levy: "You Clot." (Editor's note. A clot is a congealed specimen of blood.) Levy will face additional charge for defamation of character.

"Mississippi Joe" Wilson will not face trial until next week. He is blind from his recent exposure to sunlight.

Charges arraigned against the above are:

- 1 Assault and battery on those wishing to paint posters.
- 2 Operating a gambling concession without giving the Council a percentage.
- 3 Failure to comply with ventilation requirements.
- 4 Vagrancy.
- 5 O'Halloran will face an additional charge of indecent exposure.

The Dobu consider it unlucky to be disembowelled.

Grittinks from Lower Hlobovians

Rasputinville, Lower Hlobovia (PU) — Grittinks, Kenedians, from Hlobovian Pipple's Passant Government (Always Hlobovia iss haffing Pipple's Passants Government. All Hlobovians iss Passants. Consequently Passants iss only party.) Wishink to thank your president, Byronsputin Johnsonitch, for last relief shipment consistink off Helenski Harperoff brand swatters. Wit swatters offer their hads, some Hlobovian womens iss lookink not haff bad. In cold wather, iss usink them as snuggy-type infant's trousseurs.

Also, many thanks, Kenedians, for big shipment "Quakker Outs." Passants is usink worms to mak silk stockinks. Wit silk stockinks offer their hads, some Hlobovian womens iss lookink not haff bad.

Remindink you wonce agan thinks iss lousy here in Hlobovia. Offices of PU Prass are being coffered wit snow. Hongry aditors is eatink nogoodnik copy boys. Tought we are seeink Kenedian good-will type ship dis mornink, but iss only Hamerican Battleship, "Taddy S. Bagle." Iss here to defy Rossian army, which iss honly fife miles from Hlobovian borders, and iss blockading

Hlobovian toot-pick industry. Toot-pick workers iss starfink. Please sand more swatters. Some Hlobovians womens iss looking batter that way.

GIRLS !!!

Going to U.B.C.

Next Year?

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MATERNITY

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General Hospital

Neufeld, Power-mad Purity Squad Place Six-month Ban on Martlet

A thriving Rookery love-nest was exposed by photo-electric "seeing eye" installed by Neil Neufeld's Purity Squad.

Neufeld, now notorious for his arbitrary "anti-booze" edict, is head of the vice-killing "Lily-White Ten." Motto: "Vice isn't Nice."

On seeing pictures of seduction, beer-drinking and card-playing, Neufeld blushed and said, "Mother never told me!"

Strong man of the Purity Squad, Daniel "Light in the Darkness" Levy clamped a six month ban on the Martlet stating, "There has been too much going on."

Sneak exposé by power-crazed Purity Squad will mean:

1. Booze ring will go underground.
2. Stookh will be abandoned in favor of Canasta.
3. Martlet will comply with ban. "We weren't publishing anymore anyway," said Editor.

4. Love-nest will be moved to Zoology Lab.

5. Ash trays will be emptied more frequently.

When asked for a story by scoop-hungry downtown dailies, ex-Editor John Napier-Hemy stated: "There's a time and a place for everything. We thought we had found the place."

Decadent Martlet Handed to Smith

"You can have it," said embittered Editor.

Bright-eyed, innocent Peter Smith entered the Rookery yesterday. While opening the window, youthful (17) Smith said, "Things will be different next year."

Aging (18), embittered John Napier-Hemy grunted, scratched coffee-stained sweater, and said, "Machine's breaking down. You can have it."

The now cynical editor-in-chief ic faced with increasing problems, and intimated that he was "skipping town."

Disillusioned News Editor "Dirty Dick" Baker hanged himself on the Library steps yesterday.

"Denny da Boid" Wanted

Drape-panted, psychopathic "Denny da Boid" is being hunted by Essondale Authorities. Business Managers Tania "the Body" Hurmuses, and Doreen "the Shape" Collie have been denounced by a joint V.C.F.-S.C.M.-Newman Club committee "as a moral-corrupting influence."

Clubs Editor Ray Wehner is studying for exams. Star reporters Dave Moilliet and Gerald Coultas killed one and other in a duel yesterday. It is reported that Moilliet called Coultas "a lecherous old man," and that Coultas retored by calling Moilliet "a senile idiot."

Admitted Napier-Hemy, absently scratching the paint from a pin-up, "The Martlet is a clique and a faction. It is not a student paper. We have misused Council funds and we owe Acme Press money. Pour me another beer."

On a suggestion from ex-president Neil Neufeld that the retiring editor should make some formal presentation to the new editor, Napier-Hemy threw the typewriter at Smith. Picking up his teeth, Smith stammered, "We'll clean this place up next year." It will be remembered that Napier-Hemy made a similar statement last year.

Famous Authors Back Up Freud

"My love and I would lie."—A. E. Housman.

"Je dormait dans us gros lit."—Coriot.

"His hand was resting on a mountain."—James Stephens.

"Withdraw thy hand from me."—Job 13:21.

"Are you honest?"—Shakespeare's "Hamlet."

"Je suis à plaindre, mais pas à vendre."—Flaubert.

"... elle s'abandonna."—Flaubert.

NOTICE!!

ATTENTION!!

All Female Reporters

must be in the hands of

the Editor by noon

tomorrow.

MORE VICE SCENES !!



The BIRD

Editor-in-chief _____ has resigned as of now
 News Editor _____ has hung himself
 Business Managers _____ have left town
 Clubs Editor _____ is studying for exams
 Sports Editor _____ is on the loose
 Photography _____ Conn . . . lah!
 Cartoons _____ there aren't any
 Hired Help _____ Joe, Al, Flossy, Muggsy, Pete, Moll,
 Gertie, Louie, Mabel.
 Printing — "Crafty" Norm McConnel and the boys at Acme

Shingle-nails

As you probably already know, the Martlet is a clique and faction. It is not a student paper. That is why we are printing the Bird. The Bird contains none of the hypocritical niceties, none of the misleading half-truths and none of the insidious implications that the Martlet does. The Bird contains nothing but shingle-nails.

That's right. Shingle-nails.

And believe me, the Bird isn't afraid to call a shingle-nail a shingle-nail.

As you will probably notice the front page is lousy with news about the Martlet. And that's what we think of the Martlet. Shingle-nails.—P.U.

Your Clubs

Literary Arts

On April 8, Mr. E. Beedol, world traveller, will address the Literary Arts Society on his proposed trips to the Gold Coast, where he hopes to discover gold, The Canary Islands where he hopes to discover canaries, and the Virgin Islands where he hopes to discover ground-nuts.

The S.C.M.

The Student Christians will have a movement early next week.

Jazz Club

On April 4, the Jazz Club will be hosts to Bugs Bumpwell and his All-White Dope Fiends, who have been making a cross-country tour of penitentiaries, lunatic asylums and universities.

Radio Club

On April 2, the Radio Club will present the "Constipated

Hour," a Sunday afternoon musical program.

Notices

Tom Rhodes, Forum President, was reported seen in a balloon following a recent Forum debate. A witness said, "Tom said he was Joe Stalin. He's still up in the air." Prayers have been offered for his recovery.

Up-to-the-minute Gallup poll shows that two out of three students who bought the last issue of the Martlet prefer Purex.

The annual meeting of the "Let's Give Mr. Poisson a New Shirt" Society will meet in room 55 next Monday. Executives will be elected for the 1950-51 session.

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Bring this ad in for a FREE SAMPLE

Americans, British Spread Goodwill In Friendly Cross-Country Sales Tour

Sewage Junction, Iowa (HIC) —One of the year's most exciting events in the sleepy hamlet of Sewage Junction was the visit of Earl Weetie-Crunch, New York representative of the English-firm

of Bindle Gaskets Ltd. Earl Weetie-Crunch, New York country demonstrating a new gadget, the Bindle Tension Arm, a slip-on attachment for Bindle Gaskets, which are used on Bindle Tractors.

After repeated requests by Abigail Applebiter, president of the Local Division of The Grand Daughters of the War of 1812, the dapper, monocle-wearing Earl consented to speak in hall of the Sewage United.

Speaking on "America's Crying Need for Quality British Machine Parts," the Earl showed how the life of Iowa tractors could be increased ten percent "through the enlightened usage of Bindle gaskets."

Asked how he came to visit Sewage Junction, the Earl chuckled and said, "I hadn't meant to come at all, actually. You see, I was asleep in one of those beastly buses when it stopped. Naturally, I thought I was in Des Moines, and got out. Never dreamed that the bus would stop at a place like this."

The audience laughed appreciatively.

Shown the Automat at Goldberg's Foodateria, the Earl commented, "Deuced clever, these Yanks. Ingenious device. Does away with everyone but Goldberg, what?"

The audience again laughed. Invited by Miss Applebiter to attend a combined Hoe-Down and Revival Meeting in the Sewage United Hall, the Earl politely declined.

"I really must be off. You know how things are."

Piddle-in-the-puddle, England (BURP)—Highlight of the recent, Labor Government sponsored "Plant for Prosperity" agricultural fair was an address by Senator Bilgewater Q. Hogwash, from Missouri, U.S.A. Senator Hogwash, who has been completing a series of contracts for obsolete garbage-disposal equipment, has taken time out from his business activities to make a series of speeches throughout the British Isles.

His subject at the fair was "Earning American Dollars Through Production." The corpulent (275 lbs.) Senator spoke in a broad Southern accent, which has already become familiar to Britishers through the medium of American news movies.

He repeatedly attributed Britain's economic ills to the fact that "the British people are not producing." Said Hogwash, "It's no use sitting round on your bottoms waiting for Marshall Plan dole-outs. You've got to get in there with both hands and produce. Chuck out all your obsolete machinery, and really step up production."

Giving specific examples of Britain's poverty, Hogwash pointed to the patch on Major Pillsbury-Bloomsworth's tweeds, referring to him tactfully as that "hick."

Commenting on the English car he had been loaned to tour in, Hogwash joshingly said, "there isn't room to spit in it." The next point on Senator Hogwash's itinerary will be Little Twiggington, where he will speak on "How Britain Can Avoid Depression Through Production" at the annual Poultry Exhibit.

The Bird Reviews Some New Books

Bird-cages, rat-traps, dolls, and 100 Things Any Boy Can Make — "An interesting manifestation" — Mr. Pettit.

The Sex Life of an Amoeba — "Lascivious" — Daniel C. B. Levy.

The Holy Bible — A handy reference book for disputes with pagans. All sizes.

Machines — Levers, pulleys, inclined planes, Students' Council, etc. \$17 (\$2.50 in Canada.)

The Martlet — student publication. — "May be processed into thick, gooey pulp with application of water." — Mr. Savannah. "Useful for blocking up broken windows." — Alastair Cousland. \$0.05.

The Tower — picture magazine — expensive.

How to Make \$10,000 a Year — a guide to the printing industry — \$10.

Dogs, Spaniels, Terriers, Capitalist, etc. . . . another McGugan release.

Inside the Rookery . . . another of Gunther's insides is out.

Forum Introduces Political Courses

The Forum, most vocal group on the Campus, will sponsor a number of new courses next year. They are:

Heckling 202. Fundamentals of invective-hurling, cliché-tossing, and lung-developing. Prerequisite—History 101.

Mudslinging 200. An introductory course dealing with the elements of blackmailing and red-herring drawing. Prerequisite—Student Elections 105.

Confusion 304. An advanced course outlining the principles of arguing in a circle. Prerequisite—Forum Debating 200.

Red-Baiting 200. Origin, evolution, and use of such terms as "red," "agitator," "insidious evil gnawing at the roots of our democracy," "anarchist," etc. Prerequisite—Heckling 202.

Social News

Mrs. Ina McCoskey, Barge Street, was dinner hostess to a number of students staying at her residence throughout the 1949-50 academic session last Thursday.

First treated to an entrée of Canadian buns, the students showed their appreciation by heartily digging their knives into a pat of butter which Mrs. McCoskey had artfully placed in the center of the table. The buns were topped off by tumblers of water which she had drawn for the occasion.

On the main course was Spud Slab, an ingenious loaf compounded of pommes de terres and an exotic Italian meat called salami. This tantalizing dish was laid in carefully aged garlands of lettuce. As an additional appetizer, the guests were treated to Cheese McCoskey, which was served in rat-traps in different

corners of the floors, according to an old Irish custom.

For dessert, there was a choice of rice-and-custard or custard-and-rice. By way of amusement, Mr. McCoskey's son, Al (now in hospital with head injuries) served pick-axes with the pudding.

Joe Low, a Chinese student, delighted the others by introducing an Oriental table custom, that of belching appreciation throughout the meal. The Occidentals jokingly adopted this custom, all belching heartily after dessert.

Bicarbonate of soda was served in one of the rooms directly following the repast.

Mrs. McCoskey will be in the social news again next week when she plans to serve "Weiners at 11" in her home for the Third Local of the Women's Rivet-Heavers Association.

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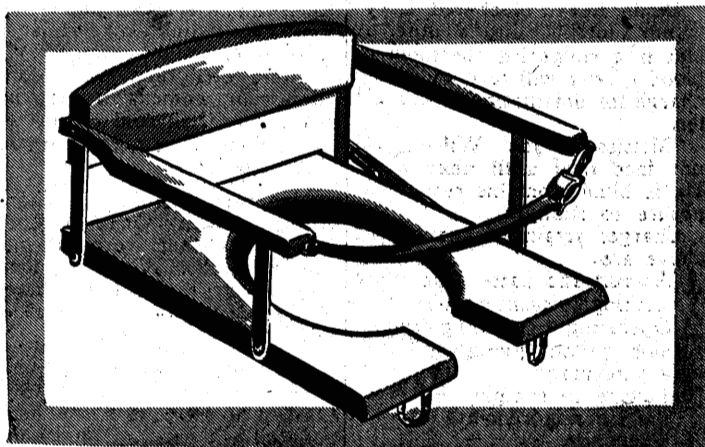
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Jazz Club Features Terry Garner

By Carol Potter

The College Jazz Club was very fortunate in having CKDA's Terry Garner to officiate at their Friday 17th meeting. The records he presented, chosen from his own collection, were some that he himself particularly fancied. For the most part, the audience liked them.

One of the best was the first one played—Woody Herman's "Bijou." This piece featured calypso rhythm and was filled with interesting variety of instrument, beat and idea. Outstanding was the trombone solo—"one of Harris' greatest," said Mr. Garner.

"Doggin' Around"

Count Basie's "Doggin' Around" failed to capture the audience. It was done up in a style fast moving but somewhat routine and aimless.

"I Don't Know What Kind of Blues I Got" by Duke Ellington is a very fine sounding record. It has a simple, memorable theme carried partly by the clarinet and underlined by masterful but casual harmony. There is a short vocal in it by Herb Jeffries.

There was just one touch of Bop in "Congo Blues" with Dizzy Gillespie on trumpet. This piece included various "jungle" effects, rather more Chinese than African.

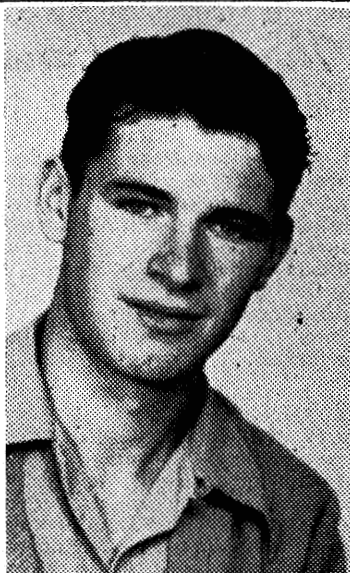
"No More"

Few were taken by Billie Holiday's singing of "No More" with Kamarata's orchestra. The song itself is good and the string background excellent, but Miss Holiday failed to impress.

The audience was quite enraptured by Sara Vaughn's "Don't Blame Me." Her pliant, colorful voice showed off the song to advantage.

Lloyd Rayburn's "Man With a Horn" was a very choice item on the program; it was close to really classical jazz. The fine theme was somewhat too fancy, but just the same, it is a near perfect record.

It was a treat for College jazz fans to meet Terry Garner. Most have heard him when he was with the "Saturday Swing Show" over OKWX. He is now with CKDA from 6 to 8 with the "Early Bird Show."



Profile of KEN MACKAY

On interviewing "Slick" MacKay, one easily sees why the students of Victoria College gave the new president-elect the greatest majority of votes ever accorded a candidate for A.M.S. president. He has a quiet, easy-going manner which gives his acquaintances a feeling of confidence in his abilities to master any situation. His speaking talents, well demonstrated at the Awards Banquet, will greatly assist him to co-ordinate and manage College activities next term.

Coping with executive responsibility is nothing new to "Slick." During his final year at O.B.H.S. he was president of the Students' Council and captain of the rep basketball team. His proficiency in athletics, especially basketball and baseball, is matched by equal proficiency in his studies.

Asked what he thought of student administration at College this year, "Slick" replied that it would be difficult to better the standard attained by faculty and council this year. However, as "life at College does get dull at times," he thought that a few innovations in student activity were needed.

On this last point we agree. Good luck "Slick."

NOTICE

The Arts Centre of Greater Victoria and Victoria College Evening Division present Mary Bucklin Hammond (cello), and Una Calvert (piano), in a recital on Wednesday, April the 26th, 8:30 p.m., at Victoria College. Tickets are 75c and 50c for students and Art Centre Members. They may be obtained from Dr. Harry Hickman.

2nd Div. Vikings Defeat Oak Bay

In one of the hardest fought games of the year, the 2nd Division Vikings, led by the sensational kicking of Jim Loutit, defeated the Oak Bay Wanderers 8-0. Holding the edge in the play throughout most of the game, the Vikings showed the improved teamwork and spirit they have gained under the coaching of Charlie Howatson.

The Collegians were pressing in the first half, and seemed to forget about their defense, giving the Wanderers a big chance which they missed. However, the fine work of the College pack was finally rewarded, when Murray Saunders fell on a loose ball over the opposition's touch line. Jim "Spider" Loutit made the finest kick of the day when he split the uprights from a very difficult angle.

The Vikings really put on the pressure in the second half, and came close to pay dirt on nearly every play, but the Wanderers put up a very strong defense. Half way through the period, Glen Guest, who played an excellent game defensively and offensively, had to leave the field due to a shoulder injury. Later in the half, Jim Loutit made good a kick when the team was awarded a penalty in front of the Wanderers goal posts.

Pat Thomas, new Literary and Scientific Director and prominent Saanich politician, will supervise club activities.

David "Suds" Sutherland, who has kept Martlet readers happy with his clever cartooning, will be in charge of sign-painting as Director of Publications and Publicity.

Beverly Luff, Women's Sports Representative.

Introducing ...

The New Council

Ken MacKay, first non-veteran president for many years, has had excellent executive training as president of the Students' Council of Oak Bay High.

Marion Gibbs, Secretary, is responsible for the high quality of work in this year's Tower.

Fred Anderson, Treasurer, has skillfully kept Tower expenditures from soaring. Next year he will be responsible for keeping meagre Council funds intact.

Douglas "Meatball" Bebb, lanky scholar and athlete, will be on the bit next year directing Men's athletics and injecting life into Council meetings.

Vera Stanley, energetic First Year representative on the W.U.G.S., will take the wheel from Jean McKee next year in organizing women's social functions.

Wehner Envisions New Building Sees Silent Library Lighting

By Ray Wehner

Last fall a friend of mine, a student of architecture from the University of Manitoba took one look at our building and said, "Huh!" I didn't know much about architecture at the time, but my friend was kind enough to explain the "obvious" defects of the building.

My friend presents an idea which is probably ultra-modern: "A good building is a functional building." The ideal building, in the words of my friend, is one in which beauty lies not in ornamentation (which is useless), but rather in simplicity and the complete fulfillment of a specific function. In function, every portion of the building must account for some purpose, and the building must, at the same time, be adaptable to changing needs.

Because this new addition to the college building will not intrude to any considerable extent on the present landscape, I think I may apply the criterion of my friend's "good building" to the proposed addition; the new building is going to be functional.

Looking Ahead

From present indications (mostly hearsay) the new addition will leave the present building completely free for lecture purposes. Administration offices, laboratories, gymnasium, library and other rooms will be found (I presume) in the new addition.

To begin with, Miss Cruickshank will have an office complete with the following: a silent floor, adequate illumination, sufficient filing and storing space, a printing room designed for all the school's printing needs, a large vault for the storing of Tower money, and a small kitchen complete with equipment necessary for afternoon tea.

Mr. Hughes can expect a laboratory which will contain: comfortable working tables and chairs, space designed specifically for equipment, sinks, gas equipment, a dark room, and facilities for converting the laboratory into a projection room, which will permit the adequate presentation, by visual means, of "physical views."

Other instructors now using lecture rooms as laboratories will find laboratories designed for their respective subjects.

The gymnasium will be of regulation size and will have: a complete track, complete gymnasium equipment, spectator space, good ventilation, and showers within a few feet of the doors.

Silent Light

Miss Mathews will have a library quite different in many respects to the present one. The new library will have: miles of shelving with books always within easy reach, tables and chairs designed for comfort, warm, fresh air, silent lighting, and a room set aside for periodicals and magazines with a "talk as much as you like, fellows" provision. Miss Mathews' office will be sound-proof, and will be situated overlooking the library through a giant window.

My pet room will be one designed specifically to suit the needs of club activities with the following: comfortable and adaptable seating, storage space for the needs of each club, piano, recording and record playing equipment, and movie equipment for general club activities.

This imaginary college addition and the addition which will materialize in the future may be two distinctly different things, but I say, as I sit with my two feet above my "functional" desk, "I can dream, can't I?"

Your Clubs

The V.C.F.

Features of the V.C.F. programme during the past few weeks have been talks led by Mr. Climenhaga and Rev. MacLean.

Professor Climenhaga chose as his topic "The Compatibility of Science and Christianity." He showed how many statements in the Bible, which were formerly believed false, have now been proved scientifically correct.

Rev. MacLean gave the group a talk on some of St. Patrick's writings.

For their final meeting the V.C.F. have planned to have Mr. Harris, a prominent citizen of Jamaica, as speaker.

Camera Club

Connla Wood, Camera Club President, recently announced the winners of the Camera Club contest. They are Denis Levy, first prize, David Sutherland, second prize, and Julie Horsey, third prize.

The prize money, which was jointly raised by the Camera Club and the W.U.G.S., was awarded

to the three winners, who received \$5.00, \$3.00 and \$2.00 respectively.

The S.C.M.

Plans are under way for a weekend camp at Thetis Island from April 29 to May 3. This expedition will terminate the year's activities.

Next year the S.C.M. hopes to be an official part of the worldwide and dominion-wide movement.

Executives expressed thanks to Mr. Hulford, who, as club Chaplain, has given much of his time and energy, and also to M. Treil and Mr. Jones, faculty members, for their help and encouragement.

French Club

The last meeting of the French Club took place at Mrs. Birley's home where the three groups gathered for an informal afternoon on March 12th. Misses Collicie, Sawyer, and Coltis played the piano. Refreshments were served. Some people talked, others danced, some even tried to learn the Charleston.

Radio Club Gives Initial Broadcasts

The first show of the College Radio Club was presented over Radio Station CKDA on Monday, March 20, at 9:30 p.m.

The program, announced by Johnny Symonds, gave a resumé of the governing body, officers, staff and history of Victoria College. In the spotlight was featured Marguerite Mawer singing Pur Dicasti, and Marion Gibbs playing Chopin's Fantasia Impromptu and the first movement of Poulenc's Perpetual Suite.

The Second Program

The second program was heard the following Monday at 7:30, the new time being necessary to allow for the hockey broadcast at 9:00. Featured in this show was the Victoria College Theatre who performed Dicken's "Dr. Manette's Manuscript," the actors being David Moilliet, Reid Taylor, Ray Orchard, Rosalie Cheeseman, and John Gault. In addition to the play there was information of the V.C.T. given. Guest artists were Muriel and Vivian Trimble who sang Sig-mund Romberg's "Desert Song."

Ed Farey, program director of CKDA, generously consented to write the first two scripts in his own time in order to acquaint the club with the procedure of radio program production. Subsequent shows will be written by the Radio Club executives.

It is hoped that the programs will continue until the end of April with the main features being the spotlighting of the various College Clubs and student activities such as the Students' Council, athletics and publications.

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The Young Love

During the past two terms I've noticed many tender romances here at College, either just in the bud, or in full bloom. Let's have a look at the passing parade.

There are those tight-knit little romances that nobody seems to know much about. Gerry and Phyl, Johnny and Joan, and Hutch and Corry are the main contributors to my wonder and speculation.

How about the Casanova type who just plays with his lady-love? Suave, sophisticated Peter Paterson conducted many intrigues in the Council Office and Biology (?) Lab.

Three stout-hearted "Untidies" took the pledge some time after New Years. Unfortunately, two of them deviated from the party line and reverted to the Naval Approach and the Normal School species.

You may not have noticed many of the affairs going on right under your nose. Here are a few:

... those young philosophers who sit side by side in class. No wonder Johnny never has any of the answers.

... that couple who have just made up. It must be spring, Dina.

... the fellow who goes out with the Minister of Education's daughter. Enough said!

... the symbol of British Individualism—Conn-la Wood, and the fair Rosalie. This is why Connla has been so inflated these past days—after all, he spirited her right from the infamous Pierre.

... and then there's Reg and "the kid." What kid?

Probably the sweetest and most enduring romance is that of

Cornelius J. Neufeld and his lovely wife. How lucky can you get?

Two members of the Council seem to have used hypnosis to have so completely subjugated their partners in love.

Here and There

While in Vancouver, the Boss went to one of those famous Pub Bureau parties. First on the menu was gin, followed by Chinese food, and topped off with warm beer. Needless to say, he didn't feel any too well the next day.

One of our 2nd year science-men is afraid of a woman, believe it or not. Ask him about the night he left his shoes behind and, in his bare feet, ran away from her demanding grasp.

John has a tea party at his house every other day (sometimes in the night, too). This can be interesting, especially when it's tea for two.

Fresh Men

What technique does Ray use to bring that little girl friend of his so much under his spell?

The light has changed from Amber to green for Stew.

Murray and Sam got stuck by the Premier's house the other night. They used Mr. Johnson's bricks to get them out of the mud.

★ ★ ★

During the past issues of this paper I have mentioned the Naval Approach many times. I should like to give a word of advice to those wishing to employ it. If you are a novice at the game of "Touch and Go" it is against all good common sense to attempt this method of attack. Better to use the "Soldier Sneak" play.

Uncle John's Corner

By Uncle John

Dear Reader: Do you remember Little Greta? The Commissar from the Soviet zone took her away from her German homeland, did he not? And I have lain awake saying to myself, "I wonder what happened to her." And now, I have the full story told in all its simple passion and naked beauty.

Gretta Kartoffelkopf stood alone in the blackness of the uranium mines, a thousand luminous pinpoints dancing before her eyes like some bilious delirium.

"Ach," she said, spitting onto the barren earth below her, "I am all alone."

Suddenly her reverie was interrupted by the tread of footsteps. It was Sergei Pantzoff, the foreman.

"Gretta, I bring good news. You have been awarded the title of 'The Woman Champion Uranium Ore Extractor of All Soviet Socialist Republics.' Allow me to present this simulated steel medal in recognition of your glorious achievement."

Gretta's heart throbbed with an elemental, child-like joy. Somewhere, she thought, Stalin too was smiling.

"And," continued Pantzoff, "you will be moved to a collective farm in the Ukraine."

Real Flames

Days later Greta stood erect on the steppes, watching the golden sheets of grain roll beneath her and off into the distance. In the village, happy, well-fed children were playing workers and capitalists. The capitalist, a bloated child of ten, was being burned.

"Ach," sighed Greta, shaking her tousled head in wonderment, "what imagination! Real flames."

A little boy ran too close to a combine and had his foot severed at the ankle.

"Marxian dialectics," he screamed, blaspheming horribly.

His mother who was large with child, stumbled from the nearest barn, and cuffed him about the head and face.

Gretta like the Ukraine. Stunted until thirty, she suddenly

burst into the full bloom of adolescence. Buxom and happy, she would watch the sun sink into the west, marking the end of another glorious day, as the warm winds played invitingly about her body.

Within the next five years, she gave birth to ten children, six of whom were normal.

She was then presented with the "Stalin Prize for Maternal Productivity."

She had never been happier. Often upon a winter's night she would sit in the collective barn and jingle her medals together.

The Love Message

One day she sat next to the famous Russian general Icki Halfoff on a railway coach. Neither spoke, but in a glance they read in one another's eyes the love message that has blazed undiminished for a million years. Icki was powerful, handsome and irresistible. When he spoke, the words came in a passionate torrent.

"Ah," he murmured, "I kiss your fingers . . . I kiss your hand . . . I kiss your elbow . . . I kiss your shoulder . . . I kiss your lips."

And he did. "Ah ha," he said, "I tickle your toes . . . I tickle your feet . . . I tickle your calves . . ."

After a while, Greta knew him quite well.

"Ach," said Greta, "Germany was never like this."

Then there were others. There was Pietro Kwitoff, the wild-eyed poet, who would seek for Greta's image in the lily-ponds; there was Rubles Kopec, the power-mad bureaucrat, who would drink vodka until late at night, shrieking his glorification of Greta to the empty chambers of his home, while he lashed out savagely at his furniture with a riding-crop; there was Ivan, the peasant boy with the muscles of iron, who would take her into the orchard and chant ballads to her in rhythm with the breeze.

But as time went by, the song of the Volga grew fainter, and the chanting of Mother Russia grew weaker in her breast. Her eyes moistened as she thought

The Poor Land; The Rich Land

There is something about Saskatchewan that attracts the attention of people—even English professors. The word **Saskatchewan** spoken in conversation brings chuckles from some, sneers from some, and from others smiles of satisfaction followed with this note: "Why, that's where I come from!" Yes, there is something about Saskatchewan.

There is something about Saskatchewan's physical features. Its summer days are felt with burning skin and seen with a cloud of dust—in many years, a cloud of 'hoppers. Its winter days are felt with a stinging cold and seen with last summer's tumble-weeds—we called them rushin' thistles, they were always going somewhere—struggling to free themselves from a snow-banked barb-wire fence.

Saskatchewan is flat, too—at least that part of Saskatchewan that people talk about. I know the Saskatchewan that rolls its flat carpet of waving wheat to the horizon. But Saskatchewan has its trees and valleys, and these trees and valleys are as much a part of Saskatchewan as its carpet of wheat.

And, of course, there is something about Saskatchewan's government. An island of socialism in Canada, Saskatchewan proudly displays its transportation company, its air ambulance service, its hospitalization plan that works, and many other things the province has bought with its socialism.

There is something else about Saskatchewan's government: carried to Regina by Mr. Marconi's invention, the people of Saskatchewan can be a part of the gov-

ernment. Its people have heard Tommy and the Honourable Member from the Mediterranean Area throw their issues back and forth across the house. Its people have heard the story of the purple dye. Its people have heard the story of the highway that runs before a member's farm. For a part of each winter day, its people are a part of its government.

Saskatchewan has been the poor land. Yes, people in Saskatchewan have toiled for years only to be hailed out, burned out, blown out, eaten out, mortgaged out, starved out. Many of its people have had the right to complain that Saskatchewan has not been the land of milk and honey, but rather the land of sweat and sorrow.

The Rich Land

But Saskatchewan has also been the rich land—the land where many men have begun with nothing and finished with fortune. Today, Saskatchewan looks to fortune and prosperity—the land of wheat feels its importance in the world. And now the people of Saskatchewan are talking about oil—oil that may take its place with wheat, the Saskatchewan farmer's gold.

But who can describe Saskatchewan? Not any writer. Saskatchewan alone describes itself and says, "There is something about Saskatchewan!"

—Fred Smith.

Note:—Fred Smith is one of those Saskatchewan people who likes to talk. An important thing to Mr. Smith these days is to be able to defend his native province. I know Mr. Smith quite well, and although he is sometimes vain, sometimes foolish, and sometimes a genuine nuisance, I can say, whether or not Mr. Smith is talking about his native province, there are times when he knows what he is talking about.

Perhaps you will be able to meet Mr. Smith. Whether or not one can pick up the discard pile if the top card can be used in one's meld, whether or not "jazz" has it all over "classical," whether or not Saskatchewan is as cold as British Columbia, and whether or not we should recognize the price of eggs in China, are things Mr. Smith will probably discuss with you. Yes, perhaps you will be able to meet Mr. Smith. And then, as Mr. Smith says, "We shall see . . . what we shall see!"

—Ray Wehner.

Varsity News

The cause of international good-will received an enthusiastic boost recently in the form of a visit of a group of Austrian students to U.B.C. This group has been visiting the Varsity under the auspices of the Office for Wandering Students (Amt fuer Studienwanderungen). Altogether there were 31 students on the trip, who have been presenting musical programmes of Austrian folk music, singing, and dancing across the continent. They were sent from the University of Vienna, and were chosen so as to represent over thirty different districts of Austria.

On Friday, March 3, U.B.C. inhabitants were treated to a debate between Les Armour and Rev. J. E. Orr on the subject: "Resolved that the Social Philosophy of Jesus Christ is not Practical." Armour, on the affirmative, based his argument on the fact that there are too many different interpretations of Christianity. Said Armour, "We can not look to God to interfere in individual actions."

Rev. Orr based his negative argument on the deeds of the Christian Church in many countries, especially Africa. He stated that our Common Law is based on Christianity, and that "tyranny is impossible where Christianity exists." This debate evoked considerable interest from the various religious organizations on the campus, and was a lively topic of debate among the student body itself.

Introducing . . .

The Tower

Marion Gibbs, the energetic editor of "The Tower," is the person responsible for making this year's annual such a success.

Pete Smith, the associate editor, has used his experience as editor of last year's "Camosun" to smooth out the rough spots in editing "The Tower."

Fred Anderson, carefree business manager, can smile as he glibly asks an additional \$300 from the student body.

Dave Sutherland is probably the hardest worker in the College. In his position as art editor of "The Tower," Dave has done the cover, cartoons, and profiles.

Anna Johnson, the persuasive money-grabber on the staff, has kept up advertising sales despite many difficulties.

Bob Hutchison has been busy writing up all the sports events of the past year for "The Tower."

Maureen Cromie, capable Literary editor, has had the difficult task of choosing the best of the many contributions received.

Connla Wood, with a flash-camera in one hand, and a tripod in the other, is in charge of club and candid pictures.

Bruce Naylor has been losing weight chasing club presidents for their annual reports.

Peter Evans and Bernadette Lineham are the two responsible for the second year personalities.

Dick Baker has been prying into the lives of the faculty, seeking inspiration for staff write-ups.

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After April 1

Yanks Overcome Savage Beast

By David Moilliet

Oklahoma was on the alert. Only two months out of India . . . a beast full of savage jungle guile . . . that was the object of the State's 3,000-men leopard hunt. Battle-hardened marines, the fearless Press, vigilant police and just plain citizens were mobilized.

The animal was finally trapped with good old American Mickey Finn. The leopard ate, grew drowsy and was captured. Fifteen hours later it died.

After the great beast's death, many Americans suddenly felt sorry. The animal had died, "not in fair combat, but by a massive Mickey, had died with its eyes fixed, not upon the Himalayas, but upon the tired, businesslike face of a veterinarian."

But this was not the end of the episode . . . Commerce and Industry met the challenge. Macy's Department Store produced electric-eyed toy leopards, there were leopard strip-tease acts, dollar leopard T-shirts and even leopard-skin menus offered by one restaurant.

Where else but in this great centre of World Trade to the South could one find such a response to the needs of the fickle public? Hurrah for E Pluribus Unum!!

of the dark, sombre woods of her German homeland.

As she lay on the steppes and pined for the smell of schnapps and the sound of guttural voices, a fat, jolly man in a red suit appeared, his rotund figure quivering with his hearty laughter.

But it wasn't the commissar. It was Santa Claus. No kidding!

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Come and see us
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